



KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN, Publishers.

PUCK BUILDING, Cor. Houston & Mulberry Sts.

ENTERED AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, AND ADMITTED FOR TRANSMISSION THROUGH THE MAILS AT SECOND CLASS RATES.



STEALING JINGO JIM'S CLOTHES.—MR. BAYARD IS GOING TO HAVE A "VIGOROUS FOREIGN POLICY," TOO!



PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

OFFICE:

PUCK BUILDING,

Southwest Corner of Houston and Mulberry Streets,
NEW YORK CITY.

TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS.

(United States and Canada.)

One Copy, one year, or 52 numbers, - - - - - \$5.00
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 One Copy, for 13 weeks, - - - - - 1.25
 Remit by P. O. Money Order, Postal Note, (payable at Station
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 One Copy, one year, or 52 numbers, - - - - - \$6.00
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 INCLUDING POSTAGE.

UNDER THE ARTISTIC CHARGE OF - - - J. S. KEPPLER
 BUSINESS-MANAGER - - - - - A. SCHWARZMANN
 EDITOR - - - - - H. C. BUNNER

IMPORTANT TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The date printed on the wrapper of each paper denotes the time when the subscription expires.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

THE following letter is a very bad specimen of English; but that is because it is translated as closely as possible from the original, which is in very bad German:

UNION ASSEMBLY, No 7303, K. of L.,
 LAWRENCE, Mass., July 31st, 1886.

Mr. A. P. Vorholz, 24 Saratoga St., Lawrence.

DEAR SIR:

Whereas, the PUCK, published in New York, has repeatedly had the audacity to seek to drag in the dirt the righteous cause of the laborer, by calumnious articles and caricatures, we, the German Knights of Labor, consider ourselves obliged to ignore the same, as well as to avoid all persons and places which are in possession of the so-called journal, PUCK.

As you are known to us as a subscriber to the said journal, we request you, by way of giving us your cooperation therein, to discontinue taking this journal.



By order of the

L. U. No. 7303, K. of L.,

(Signed)

HUGO E. DICK, Secretary.

This letter was forwarded to us by Mr. Vorholz, to whom it was addressed. We do not know Mr. Vorholz; but he seems to be a man of a philosophical and plucky spirit. He writes us briefly that the Knights of Labor seem to be

"Part of that power

That ever Wrong would do, and Right achieves—"

pointing his moral by the statement that this same "boycott" notice has only served to increase Puck's circulation in Lawrence. He adds that the only person who has suffered by the action of the Knights of Labor is a poor infirm old German who has made it his business to supply the weekly papers to regular purchasers, and who is now obliged to give up his principal means of subsistence—his customers

being obliged to order directly from the news-dealers. The old man labors for his living; but he is not a "Knight," and he has no rights.

It rests with the Prosecuting Attorney of the district to deal with Mr. Hugo Dick and his accomplices as they deserve to be dealt with. The case will be properly presented to him and we shall expect him to do his duty. And if we find that these men, or any other set of men, are interfering with our business in such manner as to cause us positive annoyance or pecuniary loss, we shall protect ourselves against them, by process of law, as we should protect ourselves against any other set of conspirators. So far, we have had no occasion to trouble ourselves about their doings. But we decline to rest under the imputation of being a foe to honest labor.

Any one who knows this paper ought to be well aware of the fact that it does not obtrude its private affairs or its personal connections upon the public. But it seems to be time to give utterance to one personal statement, to stand for once and all. When any hot-headed Knight of Labor or Chevalier of Eloquence gets up to denounce Puck as an enemy of Labor, he makes himself responsible for a wild absurdity. We are all workingmen, we Americans, or we ought to be. And there never was a journal more thoroughly under the control of workingmen than this journal called PUCK. There is not a man on its staff—whether in the counting-room, in the editorial department, or among the makers of pictures—who has not earned his present position by honest hard work and native ability. There is not one man who has had the aid of inherited capital in making his way in the world. There is not one man who holds his position by any other tenure than the worth of his services to the paper.

In many cases, these services include an apprenticeship which would make the ordinary Knight of Labor tired of life. It required hard work, night and day, month in and month out, to make this paper what it is to-day. In the early days of sore struggle, with success a vague vision, far ahead, the men who made Puck had to work without any thought of an eight hours' or a ten hours' limit. If to-day they reap the fruits of their devotion to their business, it is not because they are monopolists or "capitalistic" tyrants: it is because they are workingmen who are willing to work, and to use their brains and their skill for the benefit of the journal whose interest is their own.

The man who labors with his hands has a way of arrogating to himself all the dignity of labor. He calls himself a workingman, and denies that title to the men who labor with their brains. He will not recognize as a fellow-laborer the book-keeper, the accountant, the editor, the artist, the inventor and the man of business who directs the concentrated labor of a great manufacturing or commercial concern. He never thinks that these men may work as hard as he does—must work as hard as he does—to get on in the world; to make their living; to obtain and to hold social position. He knows that his own condition is not what he would have it. He knows that these men are better placed than he is. He refuses to acknowledge the fact that they are better off because they have a better idea of what they have to do in this hardworking world, and of what they must do to help themselves.

The one complaint that the excitable Knights of Labor can make against PUCK is that PUCK

has told them the truth, without flattering or deceiving them. We have told them that they are tricked and cheated by their leaders. We have told them that causeless strikes must injure them rather than their employers. We have told them that the "Boycott" is illegal, unmanly, and disastrous. All these things are true. And is it not the part of a friend to tell such truths? Which is the friend of "Labor"—the paper that flatters the workingman, or the paper that honestly tells him what he is and what he ought to be?

The appointment of a respectable man in the place of Mr. Hedden will cheer the hearts of those men who have given their time and their energy to the task of reforming our system of civil service. Every day yields fresh indications of the general decadence of the "spoils system." To-day we have the pleasure of seeing a man appointed Collector of the Port of New York whose principal recommendation is that he will not administer his office in the interest of any political party. Never before has a man been appointed to that place for that reason. The appointment is one that gives new hope to the friends of genuine reform. Perhaps, after all, the day is not so far distant, (in newspaper phrase,) when the business of government may be conducted on a business basis; and the low chaffering and bargaining which we call politics may be as dead as slavery.

We don't quite know what we shall do with Mr. Cutting when we get him. It seems pretty clear that we have no use for him. But the vigorous foreign policy of Mr. Bayard is most pleasant to contemplate; for it shows that that sort of thing is within the reach of the humblest Democratic statesman, and is not the exclusive property of the godlike leader in the stock jobbing line who makes his headquarters at Augusta, Maine. It ought not to take any vast amount of firmness and decision on the part of our government to make Mexico give up an illegally imprisoned American citizen; but it is cheering to reflect that a humble Democrat can do the necessary work as well as a Republican whose house is built upon Little Rock.



The golden-rod is yellow,
 The pansy's black and blue,
 The sumach's blazing scarlet
 Along each avenue.

The brooklet brightly sparkles
 Down the meadows bright
 and glad,
 Where each wild carrot's
 lifting
 Its silver liver-pad.

The fleecy cloud's cavorting
 Around the peaceful sky,
 And in the pie the huckle
 Berry joins the fly.

While black-eyed golden daisies
 Upon the zephyrs bob,
 The farmer with a fence-rail
 Just makes the bullock throb.

I look into the heavens
 To see the wild birds fight,
 And now and then I listen
 To hear the old Bob White.

Then come, my love, come with me
 Into the shady glen,
 We'll sit on banks of flowers
 By purling brooks, and then

I'll read you dainty poems,
 And thrill you to the heels,
 Here is the pretty volume,
 Its name is PUCK ON WHEELS.
 Price, twenty-five cents.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

BY ONE WHO HAS BEEN THERE.

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

That cheerful Mr. R. K. Munkittrick, whose statements I am usually willing to accept at their face value, when I have any corroborative evidence at all, attempts, in your issue of August 4th, to tell your large circle of happy and confiding readers something about the revised Garden of Eden, otherwise known as Southern California.

It was hardly necessary for him to say, even in the beginning, that he had never been in Southern California; but that is but a poor excuse for his knowing so little of that wonderful land.

Really, I never knew a man to claim to have gleaned his information solely from books and newspapers, and then be so sublimely in the dark—to put it tenderly—about a place as Mr. Munkittrick shows himself to be in the case of the land of dry air and plenty.

I am truly grieved over this thing. Until now I did not think my cheerful and beloved friend would mount a subject until he had looked in its mouth, punched it in the ribs, felt of its joints, and lifted up its hind-feet (by proxy). This time, he seems to have led his subject off in the dark, by the halter.

But he cannot shift the blame of the poor justice he pays Southern California to newspapers or books; the reader will clearly see where the blame lies, and where Mr. Munkittrick lies also.

At Riverside you can "look ahead ten miles on a road without moving." Then, if you want to, you can turn round and look sixty-five miles the other way.

I have done this myself.

The true version of the ice-plant matter is this: A man at Los Angeles grafted a sugar-maple with pineapple, orange, lemon, grape and ice-plant cuttings, and now draws cold and refreshing sherry-cobblers from a faucet he has placed in the trunk of the tree, as often as the thirst of himself and his friends needs quenching. I am well acquainted with a person who borrowed money from a man who saw this tree.

TOO BUSY TO TALK.



"I have always understood," remarked a commercial tourist to the hotel clerk: "that women belong to the talkative sex?"

"Well?" queried the clerk.

"I have just been sending a dispatch," explained the tourist: "and all I could get out of the young woman operator over there in the corner, when I inquired if she could send it right away, and how soon I might expect an answer etc., was, 'Um—yum—twenty-five cents, please.'"

A DEAD-SURE THING.



"Say, we've got a new cook! She's bully! She's deaf and can't hear us go for the cake! She's near-sighted and can't see us take it! And she's German and can't tell on us, anyhow!"

As the Los Angeles drinking-water is nothing to brag of, owing to its extreme dryness, you may believe that that sherry-cobbler tree is highly prized by its owner.

When crossed with the milk-weed and vanilla-bean the ice-plant yields ice-cream, but of rather poor quality. I ate some of it on the hotel-tables. Recently, efforts have been made to improve it by making another cross with the egg-plant, and better results are hoped for.

Yes, the air is dry—very much dryer, in fact, than Mr. Munkittrick shows it to be. In the summer, or dry season, not only the air, but a good many of the rivers are dry. You can carry some of the Los Angeles River home in a brown paper-bag, if you want to. A wet nurse is an impracticability.

Specimens of Mr. Munkittrick's humor are quite dry out there and are eagerly sought for.

Sometimes everything dries up—that is, everything but the real estate agents.

When Southern California is cut loose from the parent stem and made a new State, Los Angeles is to be the seat of government, but, strange to say, the fear does not seem to have entered any one's mind that the legislature will ever dry up.

But, to be serious, the air is *very* dry in Southern California. I saw a dry bottle at Riverside. A friend of mine also saw it and, if necessary, will furnish an affidavit that it *was* dry.

We convinced ourselves very thoroughly that it was dry.

In the very dampest places a man may leave a seven-dollar silk umbrella in his front-hall until it falls to pieces with the dry rot, and a Baptist Sunday-school can go out and picnic any day during the summer without getting caught in a shower.

Even the fogs of Southern California are quite dry. Down at San Diego it is no uncommon thing for a person to strike a match on the fog. I met a man who had done this often. He told me so himself. But, back in the valleys the fogs are much dryer than at San Diego. At Colton they split up summer fogs for lamp-lighters.

Southern California is extremely healthful. Neither malaria nor spring-fever is known there. I believe there are a few undertakers who occasionally have a job, I am told, as men sometimes sit down on the railroad track to compose a poem, or do some equally foolish thing; but a man who wants to die in a natural and pleasant way has got to go East. I met a sad-eyed old man on the train.

"That's all I've got ag'in Southern Californy," he said to me in a melancholy and strained tone of voice: "I'm goin' onto a hundred and twenty-nine, and can't chew beef, and know I'm in the way of the youngsters, and want to go, and now I've got to move all the way back to New Jersey to die." It was pitiful to hear the old man go on so.

Mr. Munkittrick seems not to have heard of the buckwheat-cake tree, now so common in Southern California, and which has been brought very near to perfection, after much time, expense and patient experiment on the part of wealthy orchardists. It is the custom of the Californians to have several hives of bees under each tree of this sort, and, as the buckwheat-cakes ripen, the bees go up, and neatly spread honey on them. Southern California bees readily tumble to a scheme like that after a little patient and intelligent training.

The buckwheat-cake tree is a sturdy and reliable bearer. The finest specimens are seen in the vicinity of Santa Barbara. Hot cakes may be knocked off with an ordinary clothes-prop all the year round when the sun shines. After sundown the cakes are cold. Efforts to have the tree heat its own cakes by crossing it with the common red pepper have not been successful.

I regret that time and space forbid my saying anything about the fruits, the vegetables and the fishes—especially the fishes—of Southern California. I could tell you things about these that would strain your confidence in my veracity. But I am glad to have done as little as I have to lift a cloud of ignorance from before one man's eyes, so that he may get a faint glimpse of the great and good and surprising things of Southern California, ere he again attempts to tell a million confiding readers what he doesn't know about it.

SCOTT WAY.

LIFE IN ROME.



THE sun was setting in the West beyond the seven hills of Rome. The Tiber was rolling and gleaming, and the marble palaces on the Palatine were turned from snow to gold by the last light of departing day. The forum was crowded with the busy and perspiring populace. There were gray-haired men and matrons in the throng whose sons were struggling in deadly combat far away within the white walls of Alba. Stern Senators in purple-trimmed robes strode through the great square in silence. They had adjourned after receiving a message from the Consul, Marcus Tullius Cicero, vetoing a bill to pension the daughter of Catiline. They were in no mood for airy banter, and the fascinations of Fulvia, the fair and frail patrician lobbyist, had no effect upon them. Sallust was standing at the corner of B Street and the Appian Way talking to Gen. B. F. Trombonius.

"By Venus," said Sallust: "but the Senators look dark and gloomy."

"Ay, truly, they do," responded Trombonius: "The Consul hath a stiff back-bone, oh, Sallust, and he yieldeth not easily."

"Dost thou think, Trombonius, that they will pass the bill over his veto?"

"Marry, I know not. But I fear me much there will be a deadlock in the Senate."

"But if they should pass the bill," continued Sallust: "dost think the populace will be enraged?"

"That I do. The plebeians are weary to the heart of this squandering of the public funds. They are in no mood for trifling from Senators, and I fear they will need but little urging to rise and make Cicero king."

"By the Shield of Minerva!" exclaimed Sallust: "that would be rare sport. I shall go to my publishers to-morrow, and make a provisional contract for a history of the revolution, should it take place."

"Thou art full of foresight, my Sallust."

"But look," said Sallust, pointing to a crowd that was gathering speedily around the foot of the statue of Mars: "what means yon confusion?"

"I know not; but let us go and see."

The two men strode across the forum. Trombonius was known to the crowd, and was received with words of welcome.

"Hail, Trombonius!" shouted several.

"Ay, the good Trombonius!" exclaimed others.

"Is there aught the matter with Sallust?" inquired one.

"Not much. Hurrah for Sallust!"

"We thank ye," said Trombonius: "Good friends, we would fain learn the cause of the confusion."

"Well, thus it was," said a stalwart gladiator, stepping forward: "Senator Caius Cornarus came past, and a blacksmith said in a loud voice: 'See the spendthrift of our money!' With that Caius became enraged and struck the blacksmith, who knocked him down. Just then Officer Curius Dentatus came up and arrested the blacksmith, and took him to the XXIXth Precinct Station-house. The populace would fain have rescued him; but old Icarus here, ever peaceful, advised them to bide their time and defeat Caius at the next general election."

"A wise piece of advice," said Trombonius.

At that moment the clatter of hoofs was heard in the distance. The people became full of excitement.

"Aha!" shouted one: "it is the courier from Alba."

"Now, the gods be praised, we shall know the result."

"Come, to the rostrum, to the rostrum!"

And they all rushed forward with one accord. Soon a foam-flecked steed and dust-stained rider were seen advancing at a rapid pace down the Via Sacra. The steed galloped to the rostrum, where the rider flung aside the reins, sprang to the ground, and mounted the pulpit.

"Speak to us, good Spurius Lartius!"

"What, ho! noble Lartius, tell us all!"

"Keep us not in suspense!"

Such were the cries with which the courier was assailed. He spoke but a few words. Then the populace burst into joyous acclamations. Senators fell upon the necks of plebeians and embraced them. Stern soldiers shook hands with gladiators and danced with joy. Gray-haired men and women raised their eyes to heaven and burst into tears. Mighty shouts went toward the heavens. And in the midst of the outburst the Consul appeared upon the scene, in armor glittering with gold, and ordered a display of fireworks in honor of the occasion. What had the courier said? Simply this:

"Senate populeque Romane: The Rome ball nine whacked the stuffing out of the Alba nine to-day by a score of 7 to 1."

TRICOTRIN.

THERE'S NOTHING in this world like justice pure and simple. In a little Connecticut town lived two brothers who were actuated by a noble desire to divide their inheritance—the old farm-house—with strict impartiality. So after much discussion, in which all the neighbors kindly joined, and a great deal of arbitration, they took a cross-cut saw, and, beginning at the top of the great stone chimney, sawed the house in two down to the ground. The division was a just one; but the chimney never drew afterward. When the brothers Capital and Labor have divided the house, will the chimney draw?

"MRS. JAMES SMITH with daughter is spending a few weeks with her mother in this vicinity. She is eighteen months and four days old, and is a plump little creature. Mr. Smith has our congratulations. Come and see us, Jim," is an item in the Ashland, Mass., *Record*. If Mr. Smith has married an infant less than two years old, or if his wife's mother is of that youthful age, as is intimated by the editor, Mr. Smith should be seen by the authorities. If, on the other hand, the item is incorrect, James ought to see the editor with a club. In any event, there is busy employment for Jim.

COOL FOR A HOT DAY.



TRAMP.—Got any money in your clothes?

YOUNG SPILKINS.—Yes.

TRAMP.—Let's have it. Anything else?

YOUNG S. (*threateningly*).—Yes, a revolver.

TRAMP.—Hand it over. Now run home and get another. It's well to go around armed—so many tramps around.

THE EXCURSIONIST.



SHE riseth betimes in the morning and stirreth up her household.

The daughters of her flock doth she array in garments stiff and shining; she decketh them with ribbons gorgeous to behold; the sons thereof she cautioneth as to the care of their Sunday clothes; their heads doth she brush with vigor, and polisheth their faces radiantly.

Then with frugal forethought she layeth out the family luncheon. Into a spacious receptacle the spicy sausage, the crisp pretzel, the buttered roll do go. Yea, there too are found the innocent fowl and the cooling bottled beverage, the rosy apple and the early peach.

With the partner of her joys and griefs she departeth from the mansion they do hire. She carryeth the infant in arms; he luggeth the lunch and the extra wraps. The brood do follow after.

Upon the dock they await the steamboat; the baby doth lament and yell; the small child falleth down and becometh a stumbling-block to the passer-by; the boys forget their Sunday clothes. The mistress then lifteth up her voice and putteth her household in order. Her better-half lighteth his pipe and puffeth smoke in the nostrils of his neighbor.

The steamboat cometh. Upon its deck she scrambleth and setteth her family and resigneth herself to enjoyment.

Oh, the joy of the summer excursion! Oh, the happiness of the excursionist!

The sun shineth on her countenance; the ruddiness of her nose is increased. The wind maketh her parasol to flop inside out, and causeth her daughters' hats to fly afar. The baby weepeth bitter tears; the children lament for bread. As their hunger is appeased, they smear their persons with buttered roll, they clamber over the seats and scrub the floor of the vessel



with their knees. Their curiosity ever leadeth them where they belong not, and they are scowled upon by the passengers. The father replenisheth his pipe, and oft exchangeth his

silver for glasses of foamy beer; the fragrant peanut also maketh away with his dimes.

At sunset, they return to the shelter of their dwelling-place. Drenching rain from the heavens pours down upon their weary heads.

The wreck of the Sunday clothes demolisheth the temper of the excursionist; storm and tempest are in her voice.

Her husband soon departeth unto the evening club; the children betake themselves to bed.

In the silence of the night the young apple and the early peach are heard.

The earnings of a week do not suffice for the settlement of the doctor's bill.

But content doth fill the soul of the excursionist; pride swelleth her heart as she goeth among her neighbors; the excursion hath been accomplished; her duty as an American citizen is done. And, yet, when another summer cometh, again will she prepare her family for the yearly struggle for pleasure. L. B. D.

THE BASE-BALL player always sees the error of his way.

"WILL SOME gentleman kindly hand me his glass-eyes. I can't see to find my eye-glasses," observes a character in a literal translation of a French novel, made by a young woman who spends her summers at Newport.

"QUEEN VICTORIA and Mrs. Potter were at the Prince of Wales's party on July 10th," writes a London correspondent to a local contemporary. And yet some persons say that Americans are bold and immodest. If this had been the case, the item would have appeared as follows: "Mrs. Potter honored the Prince of Wales and his mother with her presence at his party on July 10th. The Queen is meeting with a great deal of social success this year; a number of distinguished American ladies have shown her marked attention." Let justice be done American modesty, at least in this one instance, if in no other.

TOO FLY.

"WHAT are those things?" asked the drummer, pointing to a row of odd-looking machines.

"Cocoanut-shellers," replied the merchant politely.

"Rats!" said the New Yorker with an injured air: "Try that on a Boston man." And left.

"What are those things?" inquired a customer, as he was leaving.

"Cocoanut-shellers," said the merchant wearily.

"Come off!" replied the customer. "My name is Dennis." And retired.

"What are those, old man?" queried a friend.

"Cocoanut-shellers!" yelled the merchant desperately.

"Oh, no," said the friend, in a tone of immense superiority: "I'm too fly for that, you know. What is the sell?"

The point?

Oh, yes.

You see they really were cocoanut-shellers, after all.

F. E. CHASE.

PINING, YEARNING, WAITING AND SEHNSUCHT.



EVERY summer I leave New York For the seashore far or near, But the merry pop of the champagne cork Is the only pop I hear.

I sail about in a sky-blue boat, On the tennis-court I bask, In the dreamy German I often float, But never the ghost of an ask.

I dress up seventeen times a day, I go to the morning hop; But somehow or other I've got to say I never come out on top.

I drive in a beautiful village-cart, But alone I have got to pine; I long for the oak way down in my heart, Round which to enact the vine.

That I shall be a sour old maid, With wrinkles upon my brow, And corkscrew curls I'm greatly afraid, From the way that things look now.

Though father has struck it rich in pork, My life is lonely and drear, For the merry pop of the champagne cork Is the only pop I hear.

WE ARE pained to learn that an execution in New Jersey last week was marked by a most melancholy incident. Several contemporaries report that a man had his neck broken. We trust the matter will be thoroughly investigated.

A ST. LOUIS Chinaman has been found dead in his laundry. As there were no marks of violence upon his person, it is believed he must have inadvertently left a window open and incautiously breathed some fresh air. Too sudden shocks are very often fatal.



MODEST, BUT IRISH.

O'HOOIHAN.—Och, Laverty, here comes some ladies!

LAVERTY.—Ther divil! O'Hoolihan, rin up on ther bank and war-r-rn thim aff!

NATURE'S AGGREGATED WONDER-GARDEN AND HOME OF LEGENDARY LORE.

A TALE OF A SUMMER-RESORT.



I WENT up into the country last week to find a summer resting-place. In my search, I came to a lone house by the wayside. A man sat alone on the piazza.

As I drew rein at the door, his face brightened with sweet expectancy. I asked him if he kept city boarders.

"That's what you want, hay?" said he, with falling countenance:

"I was in hopes that you were going to offer to trade me that hoss for this bit of rural paradise, and I was all ready to take you up. City boarders, hay? Yes, I keep all the city boarders that come here, now."

"This is a secluded haunt, where there are no mosquitos, no malaria, is it not?" I asked.

"This is one of 'em," said he.

"Where you get milk, eggs, butter, fruit and vegetables, fresh from the farm?"

"Every day, unless the peddler from the village happens to have a lame hoss."

"Where the sweet breath of lowing kine is wafted from broad meadows knee-deep with blossoming clover?"

"My kine low every fifteen minutes, by the watch, and always blow their breath straight towards the house. Summer boarders here-about perfume their handkerchiefs by hanging them on the meadow-fence, while my sweet-breathed kine are lowing."

"There are deep woods climbing the ancient sides of lofty hills, from whose cloud-kissed summits rare breezes rush down, cool and refreshing, into shady vales, where silver-tongued brooks make music, are there not?"

"Well, rather, I should say. But those are all every-day attractions, stranger. No summer sojourning-place for weary city mortals is short of those. They all have 'em. But right here is where there was once a resort as was a resort! When I gaze about me on the departed glory of the once famous Nature's Aggregated Wonder-Garden and Home of Legendary Lore, I feel as if I'd been a citizen of Pompeii in its last days, and was just taking a look at her as she looms up to-day."

"Things used to hum around here. Five years ago this retreat was all run down. It's up in shape and lively now to what it was then. The man who owned it was on his last legs. I looked over the place and made a lot of discoveries. I felt that there was a spring on it that would taste and smell more like spoiled eggs than any sulphur-spring I ever heard of. And I found a spot where one of the most wonderful specimens of Nature's phenomenal handicraft could be seen—an intermittent silver cascade, that flowed only at intervals of ten minutes, when it would foam and tumble over a ragged little precipice for the same length of time. Farther on, I discovered a mossy-banked lakelet, and it struck me at once that there need be no bottom to that lake. Then what a glen for surprising echoes lay hidden off on one

corner of the place! Studying the legendary history of the locality, I made the discovery that an Indian maid and her dusky lover must have leaped to a simultaneous death from a ledge in another part of the place; and it was not long before the region was full of the news that I had found the scattered bones of the unfortunate aboriginal lovers, at the foot of the ledge. Stranger, I bought the place, and boomed her.

"The fame of my Nature's Aggregated Garden of Wonders and Home of Legendary Lore spread like the measles. The papers had columns about its Glen of Mystic Echoes, its Unfathomable Moss-Lake, its Magic Spring of Liquid Sulphur, its Phenomenal Intermittent Cascade, and its Prehistoric Lovers' Leap, and the Bleached Relics of the Ill-fated Lovers of an Untold Past. These relics I kept in a box, and the whole round of wonders, including suave and intelligent guides, cost the enraptured visitor one-dollar-and-a-quarter, net.

"I coined money. Scientists came and gloated over my gems of legendary lore. Invalids gulped my liquid-sulphur at two shillings a gulp, and went away restored. Artists sketched my capricious cascade, and my Glen of Mystic Echoes sounded like the bull-ring of the Oil Exchange, from daylight until dark. Wealth poured in upon me. But, stranger, I was made a victim of strikes. I was struck down by the cruel hand of combined labor.

"One day, in the midst of a busy season, certain hired-help of mine informed me that unless I agreed to a lot of propositions they laid before me, they'd have to look elsewhere for work. Some wanted more wages, some wanted fewer hours, and so on. I was then a capitalist, and I ordered the help back to work, and tore the propositions into bits. Next morning, as usual, my guides went out with parties to explore the Garden of Wonders. In a few minutes one of them came back. He looked scared.

"Great Scott!" he said: "The Spring of Liquid Sulphur hain't got no more smell nor taste to it than a pail o' well-water has!"

"I rushed out to see what the trouble was. A party of excited invalids was grouped about

"Chagrined at the hireling's effrontery, I was about to smite him to the earth, when another guide came running to me, and conveyed the astounding information that the Intermittent Cascade had skipped four consecutive intervals of flowing, and that a party



—Romantic young lady.—

of ten, who had paid their quarter apiece to see the phenomenon, were getting hot. I reached the cascade in time to see little Tommy Grey, another employee of mine, creep out of the milk-house near by. He came up to me, and in the presence of the disappointed spectators, exclaimed:

"All th' is about it, boss, is, th't I don't work that force-pump on that ten-minute shute no more, unless its bill o' fare is cut down to two spurts an hour. Ye hear me!"

"Stranger, despair loomed up before me. Little Tommy Grey eluded me, and ran away towards a crowd that was gazing with awe upon my Unfathomable Moss-Lake. Ten minutes later, a guide came tearing up to me.

"Holy Smoke!" he howled: "Tommy Grey came down jist now to the lake th't hain't got no bottom, an' rollin' up his pants, waded clean acrost it, an' then wiggled his fingers at the visitors, with his thumb on his nose!"

"Fell ruin seemed to be abroad that morning. I was just recovering from the last shock, when Jim Slicer, the porter at the house, hunted me up.

"Farmer Beantop's up at the house," said he: "He come over to say, th't ez ye hain't paid him the two dollars for them sheep-bones th't he sold ye to do the Abbyrig'nal Lovers' Relics with, he guesses he'll take 'em back, ez he's got a chance to sell 'em to a bone-b'iler!"

"Stranger, things began to look dark. I saw that my hired-help had conspired to ruin me, having failed to rule me. I was about to order them all to leave the place, when the crowning infamy came. The guide who showed parties through the Glen of Mystic Echoes brought me the news. He had exhibited the wonderful responsive capacity of the echo, to the intense delight of the visitors, when a romantic young lady tried it.

"And—do—you—never—grow—weary—oh—mystic—echo?" she cried, slowly and distinctly.

"The echo answered:

"Do I? Well, if I hain't jist more th'n weary o' yellin' back to you people fur three dollars a month an' found, then ye kin eat my shirt!"

"Following which, Joe Gregg, my man in charge of the Glen, stepped out from behind a rock and grinned.

"Need I tell you more, stranger? The conspiracy tore my Nature's Aggregated Wonder-Garden and Home of Legendary Lore up by the roots, and all I have left is this simple bit of rural paradise, with only ordinary every-day attractions; but beautiful as it still is, I'll trade it for that hoss of yours, even up."

We didn't trade, and I am now seeking elsewhere for a summer home.

ED MOTT.



—Excited invalids were grouped about the spring.—

the spring. Sure enough, my liquid-sulphur was only a common spring of water. Before I could make a scientific explanation of this amazing lapse of duty on the part of the spring, Sam Losey, an employee who had charge of the spring, came slouching up and said:

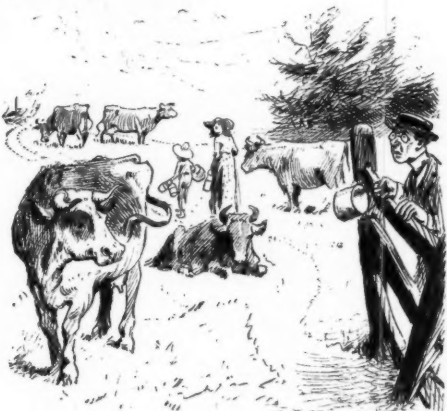
"Seems thuz ben a mistake made, boss," said he: "That last bar'l o' sp'ilt eggs fur sulphurettin' the spring, was sent 'roun' to the kitchen last night, 'stid o' to me."

THE SUMMER-BOARDER'S FAREWELL APPEARANCE.

He Goes Blackberrying.



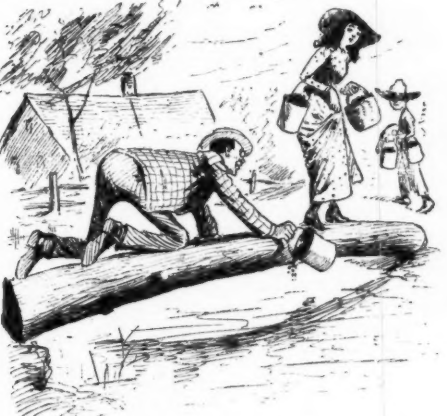
"Ah-h! How beautiful and fresh everything is! For a pleasant, invigorating amusement give me blackberrying, every time!"



"I hate to go through that field and disturb the cows, they look so comfortable!"



"Why in thunder do all the mosquitos swarm around me and not bother the others? They must be attracted by the odor of that new shaving-soap I used this morning!"



"There's nothing like a little caution in a case like this. It seems rather shakey; but I guess I'll get over all—"

SOME "CUTTING" REMARKS.

O MEXICO! O Mexico!
Why not let Mr. Cutting go?
Why have a fuss with Uncle Sam
About a coot worth not a —?
If tales be true to which I list,
One Cutting would be scarcely missed,
So many happen every day
Where Greaser laws and customs sway.
And we don't care a common cuss
How much you cut—but don't cut us;
Just please to let our Cutting go,
Then cut away, O Mexico.

O Mexico! O Mexico!
Your Spanish blood is up, we know.
You feel your honor sorely hurt,
Your rights all trampled into dirt,
Unless you are allowed *carte blanche*
To walk into your neighbor's ranch,
And flog his children as you please—
But we can't have such things as these.
If our boys into mischief go,
We have a whip, O Mexico!

O Mexico! O Mexico!
Have you forgot, not long ago,
That little fuss we had before?
You surely can't want any more!
Do you remember what it cost,
And how much blood and land you lost?
If you go on in such a way,
You may not last till judgement day.
The day may come, before you know,
When there will be no Mexico.

NAT ZYKES.

AT THE ANARCHIST TRIAL IN CHICAGO.

ATTORNEY FOR THE DEFENSE.—You say you saw Spies light the fuse of the bomb?
WITNESS.—Yes, I saw Spies light the fuse of the boom.

ASSOCIATE ATTORNEY FOR THE DEFENSE (*sarcastically*).—You are sure you didn't see Neebe, or Parsons, or Lingg or Engel light the bum?
STATE'S ATTORNEY (*impatiently*).—How could the witness see more than one person light the bahm?

THE COURT.—Confine your questions to the point at issue—did the witness see Spies light the bahm?

The absence of the Polish attorney for the defense interferes with possible researches as to who lit the bombjck, and the court adjourns.

PRIVILEGED CHARACTERS.

"PASSENGERS are not allowed to stand on the platform," said a brakeman on the Third Avenue Elevated: "you must get inside."

"But you let those two men stand out here," remonstrated the gentleman.

"Certainly. Those two gentlemen are personal friends of mine," said the brakeman, warmly.



A ROLLIN SQUIRE gathers no Moss.
Fire! Police! Wow, wow, wow!

THE CHICAGO Anarchists are not very highly strung; but they ought to be.

JUDGING THE *Galatea* by the time she took to cross the ocean, we think she ought to belong to the United States Navy.

A FOUL BALL knocked into a crowd of men at Topeka hit a negro in the eye with such force that his eye-sight was destroyed.—*Sun*. It is a great wonder that it didn't knock the cover off the base-ball.

THE *Times* says it seems strange to see a clergyman riding a bicycle. We don't think so at all, for, by observation, we have learned that the bicycle is used on Sunday to such an extent that it seems almost like a part of the day itself.

IT is said that as far back as 1858, Rollin M. Squire could make music on a piano by laying his hands on the closed lid. Now, if he could only make beer come into an empty kettle by laying his hands on the closed lid, it would be something like, as they say down East. And he would then be eligible as a Socialistic leader.

THE placing of a half-masted flag upon the top of the spire of the Madison Square Presbyterian Church, out of respect to the memory of Mr. Tilden, who was an attendant at this place of worship, is a piece of fulsome ostentation, offensive in itself, and directly contrary to the spirit of the Christian religion. According to the fundamental doctrines of the Presbyterian church, the God whom they worship is no respecter of persons. No pretense has ever been made that Mr. Tilden, though a man of high moral principle, was, in the spiritual sense, a religious man, and by the tenets of Presbyterian orthodoxy his rank in the church was lower than that of the humblest of the devout Christians who worshipped in that edifice. His claim to popular respect is none the less eminent; but it is only in the worldly sense, which the church professes to despise, that he was the most illustrious among the attendants at this particular place of worship. Consequently the half-masted flag upon the spire of a church that, by its primary doctrines, rates worldly greatness below humble faith in the Saviour of mankind, is a direct contradiction of the principles of Christianity, and a pernicious example from a religious standpoint.



—right!!!"



"I must be careful not to forget anything when I pack my trunk this afternoon!"

PUCK.





PANDORA GRACE OPENS HIS LITTLE BOX.

DEPARTED "BOSS" TO NEW ARRIVAL.—I congratulate you, old boy! I wish I'd had your luck—you got out just in time!

A CONUNDRUM ANSWERED.



HERE are the graduates of the class of '80?" asked the valedictorian, at a recent High School commencement.

No answer was volunteered to this retrospective conundrum, and as the interlocutor, or "middle man," failed to query: "Well, Mr. Simpson, where are the graduates of the class of '80?" the audience was left in Cimmerian darkness as to their whereabouts.

Our curiosity being aroused, we subsequently made inquiries concerning these young men and young women who, six years ago—in the words of the valedictorian—"bade adieu to their *alma mater*, to ascend other heights, fight other battles, win other conquests"—and returned to their homes with their hearts full of bright anticipations, and their arms full of colossal bouquets and other gifts, which their parents had taken the precaution to purchase in order that they might not be left, should they be overlooked by their friends.

Mamie Manderson, of the class of '80, who read the essay entitled, "The Duty We Owe Our Parents," in which Mamie so beautifully and touchingly dwelt upon the scriptural injunction: "Honor thy father and mother," and graphically pictured filial obedience—well, Mamie married a handsome, do-nothing sort of a fellow, two years ago, against her parents' consent, and was deserted by her husband six months later.



George Washington Perkins read an essay on "How to Succeed," which was much admired by his friends. They predicted that in less than five years George would prominently figure among the "Self-Made Men" in the newspaper syndicate. A year ago, Mr. Perkins started a newspaper in a town already provided with five weeklies and four dailies, and last week he made an assignment for the benefit of creditors.

We remember how the friends of Jacob Astor Wilkinson, when they heard him read his essay entitled, "The Road to Wealth," predicted that he was destined to become a millionaire in a very short space of period. His essay was very carefully prepared, and showed that fortunes were within the reach of all.



Jacob drifted out West, to grow up with the country and amass wealth, and a few weeks since he wrote his father in the East to send him forty dollars to pay his passage home.

How pretty Lulie Tompkins looked, in her white surah dress with lace front, her hair artistically banged, dainty white slippers peeping from beneath her ruffled skirts, and a bouquet as big as a preserving-kettle fastened at her waist! Lulie's essay, tied with a white ribbon, was called the "Curse of Riches."

It was a very sensible effort, showing how, in a majority of cases, wealth brought more misery than happiness, and one manly, noble, loving heart was worth more than all the gold of the Vanderbilts. Lulie, it was said by those who heard her essay, would be a prize for some so-

ber, industrious mechanic, who was seeking a wife. Last spring she rejected a marriage-proposal from a hard-working journalist, because he was not abundantly supplied with Government bonds, corner-lots, and other evidences of wealth. Cards are now out for her marriage to a young man who spells the first syllable of Philadelphia with "F-i-l," but who wears a diamond scarf-pin, and his father, who has failed three times in five years, is supposed to have lots of money.

Henry Longfellow Smythe was also a graduate of the class of '80. Henry wore long hair, a Byronic shirt-collar, a white rose-bud in the lapel of his coat, and rather large shirt-cuffs, that came unbuttoned and persisted in crawling down over his hands, which caused him great annoyance and materially interfered with his gestures, while he was reading his poetical essay, "The Poet's True Mission." The effort was full of excellent ideas and brilliant metaphors, and those who heard it were constrained to ask, "Have we a poet-laureate among us?" Henry left home three years ago, and, for a time, his parents lost sight of him, but in May last they learned that he was a brakeman on a coal-train, on a Western road.



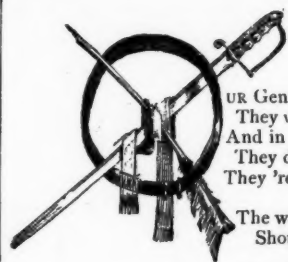
"Fashion's Victims" was the title of Sadie Jones's essay. Sadie wore a sleeveless dress, eleven-button kids, and had her waist pinched so remorselessly by a cruel corset that a man's hand could almost span it. A cool draft, creeping in at the wings of the stage, caused a perceptible shiver to occasionally pass over her fragile form. Sadie's essay warned her young lady hearers against becoming the slaves of the inhuman tyrant, Fashion. Sadie went to a ball one cold night in January last, attired in a thin, fluffy sort of dress, *sans* sleeves, and cut extremely *décolleté*, and in some inexplicable manner took a heavy cold, which culminated in pneumonia, and she now sleeps beneath the daisies and other flowers that bloom during the several seasons of the year.

And there was Horace Greeley Ferguson, too. Now, le'ssee; what was the title of his essay? Ah, yes—"A Noble Aim." Young Ferguson acquitted himself very creditably. The tone of his production was elevating, inculcating beautiful lessons, and it was predicted that he would make his mark in the world. And so he did. A few Sundays ago he was seen at a German beer-garden, during some sort of Schuetzenfestivities, engineering a flock of iron birds on top of a pole, and permitting large and small, male and female, to pop at the metal specimens of ornithology with a rifle, at the rate of five cents for three pops. He was making more money than a preacher.

Florie Skreacher's essay was much admired. The local paper said it "breathed a pure and tender spirit, evincing literary ability of no mean order." It was entitled, "The Joys of Home," and was a sort of "Don't-leave-your-Mother-Tom" production. Florie convinced the large audience that, "Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home." She was particularly severe on the ingratitude of children



MAGAZINE WARFARE.



OUR Generals are showing how
They with the Country played,
And in a paper battle now
They draw the inky blade.
They're "making history,"
they say,
The weapon which they wield
Should make far more than
that which they
Drew on the battle-field.

They "feint" just as they used to do,
As "orderly retire,"
To fight a paper battle through
Might draw too heavy fire.
They pat each other on the back,
And to each other yield
As they were wont to do, alack!
Upon the battle-field.

Long has their wadding flown amain,
And longer still may fly,
Ere a general among the slain
Shall keel him o'er and die.
They shut their eyes and bang away
Behind a tree concealed,
And raise a racket such as they
Did on the battle-field.

And since no *privates* are engaged,
(Who never draw the pen,
But who the only warfare waged—
Both sides—like little men),
'T is likely that Old Satan's lake
Will well-nigh be congealed,
Before the Shoulder-straps forsake
Their paper battle-field.

ASH. SPALDING.

who desert their parents in their old age. Florie became stage-struck two winters ago, and joined a traveling comic opera company. She has not seen her home since.

Peter Cooper Lynkon presented many original ideas and pointed illustrations in his admirable oration, "The Advantages of Poverty." Until we heard Peter's arguments, we didn't suppose it was possible to derive more happiness from poverty than from wealth. Peter borrowed eight hundred dollars, and bought out a small grocery-store. Business was poor, his creditors pressing, and, finally, the sheriff took possession of his grocery, and sold more goods in half-a-day than Peter had disposed of in six months. The morning after the sheriff's sale, Peter was found dead in his room, with a bullet wound in his head. The verdict of the coroner's jury was, that he came to his death from a self-inflicted pistol-shot wound, while temporarily insane from financial troubles.

Carrie Grimes's essay, "How to be Useful," was earnest and convincing. Carrie's graduating-dress cost only fifteen dollars. It would have cost much more, but Carrie's mother sat up several nights until after midnight, working upon it, while Carrie, the dutiful daughter that she was, sat up to keep her company, and while the mother's nimble fingers were employed on the frills and ruffles, Carrie read Ouida's latest novel. A recent visit found her as bright as a pink, painting a long-legged stork on a plaque, while her mother was still at the sewing-machine.



J. H. W.

WILLING TO WAIT, THOUGH.

"I ONLY took one glass of whiskey in my life," observed a temperance lecturer gravely: "and it cost me one thousand dollars."

"I don't wonder that you have stopped drinking, then," replied a listener: "when I get stuck that bad on a glass of whiskey, I'll stop, too."

SOMEBODY SUFFERED.



JONES.—Is this your umbrella?
SMITH.—Yes.
JONES.—Are you sure? How do you know?
SMITH.—'Cause it's got Johnson's name on it.

SKETCHES OF CITY LIFE.
IV.

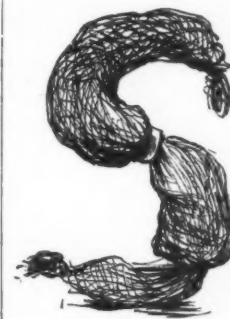
NOT BY OUIDÀ.

THE warm glamour of the golden day fell on the perspiring *bourgeoisie*. They were the proletariat, *hoi polloi*, the rabble to the great world of the central avenues of Manhattan. Everywhere the square was full of life; oriole-colored cabs of ancient make and modern painting, high-perched coal-chariots laden with the black diamonds of Scranton and Lehigh, flour-merchants' drays, bottlers' wagons, pie phaetons, weighted with the products of East Side lead-mines, and unclassified vehicles of all kinds of business passed in and out and on and over, and got there *tout de même*. A crippled little boy from the sunny land of Petrarch and Tasso gazed longingly at a comet's tail of urchins, following a golden-lettered tub with the Delphic inscription of the largest circulation in the United States. Then a train of gorgeous equipages, with prancing horses in richly mounted harnesses, broke the blockade farther up and came along with the tinkling sound of the conductors' golden bells, and the tap-tap of the drivers' hooks on the sheet-iron fronts, as a signal for the common herd to make room for their magnificence. The brilliant colors in which the great cars were painted had been gathered from the tinted clays and woods of many climes. The stately procession was led by the gorgeous equipage of Count Omeletto, who rested gracefully against the polished handle of the rear-platform brake. His bearing was that of a man of the great world, who had exhausted all the vain and hollow pleasures of

the continents. Yet the Count was not world-weary. He still hoped to retrieve the fallen fortunes of the stately family once so powerful in beautiful Tuscany. He had come to New York as a refugee from the monstrous laws of his country, prohibiting gastronomy without price, and had been a *garçon* in a *café chantant* until the mighty upheaval of social forces had culminated in the Third Avenue strike; when the gailant cavalier had been one of the first to offer his Herculean talents to the cause of the directors. He was followed by McPike, of Astoria, more aggressive in manner, but hardly less chivalrous in his bearing toward the duchesses of the millinery emporiums of Division Street, unequalled the world over for its unbroken display of frivolities, from the proud white plumes of the Saharan ostrich, to the gaudy little wing of the humming-bird of Popocatepetl. The rear equipage was presided over by the gallant O'Hollerhern, of Wall Holla House, proudly displaying the green color. His Henri Quatre countenance showed the scars of many hard-fought contests of prowess in the famous mills of Battle Row and Devil's Half-Acre. Not the veriest butterfly of the *noblesse* was more of a *mondaine* than Nixy Bezique, and yet O'Hollerhern had discovered in himself a *grande passion* for her. In a moment of abstraction, these lines from an unknown poet occurred to him:

Oh, love, it is a very funny thing,
And it catches the young and the old.

Something like disgust settled on the immobile face of High Gun as O'Hollerhern's car passed over the dainty felt shoe he had left on the iron rail just in time to get his Oriental foot out from under the wheel. The incident intensified his bitterness toward the world. His cynicism extended to everybody but Nixy Bezique. But she had witnessed the *faux pas* from the oyster-booth of her father, and although she had appeared to be wholly absorbed in convincing a peasant that seven raw oysters make a dozen in New York, her woman's wit had grasped the



DORA'S PURSE.

SOFT silk am I from end to end,
My tint's a dainty blue,
And Dora holds me as she trips
Along Fifth Avenue.

I'm often swinging to and fro,
Within her snowy hold,
When jingle, jingle, jingle goes
My silver and my gold.

From me when I am corpulent
Her smile is never hid;
But when I'm lean she sighs
as though
I'm quite an invalid.

She carries me the livelong day,
And when the day has fled,
I lie beneath the pillow white
That rests her golden head.

She gives me oft a gentle squeeze,
Within the jostling crowd,
And I'm so happy that I am
Eternally purse-proud.

situation, and she smiled out loud. It seemed the mockery of fate to High Gun, and for the first time in his life he felt *gauche*. His *amour propre* was wounded, and he could not reconcile the fallibility of the human foot with his worldly philosophy.

Achilles was invulnerable in everything but his heel.

It was the golden festival of the Sun God in Chinatown. Delicious melodies from the rarest one-stringed Stradivarius violins and tomtoms that had welcomed the great Chang to these shores floated through the silken portières, and mingled with the spicy zephyrs that came around the great bend like the breath of delicate assa-fortita blooms. Countless ruffled, barreled lanterns in all the colors of a college class-day hung from the side of each *château* like a string of concertinas in a window made attractive to the followers of Neptune. The costumes of the Celestial *beau monde* were of the richest and costliest kinds, such as are seen by the outside world only on tea-chests and plaques of the souvenir bazaars. The choicest of sugared sun-flowers, desiccated eels' teeth, encaustic tiger-beetles' nails, gum-drops from Shoeshoe, and viands of fabulous cost from far-away Cathay decked the tables of villa and *château*, surrounded by ancestral tea-pots, American flat-irons, and pipes for the extract of the De Quincey plant.

There were very few Oriental ladies at the festival of the Sun God, and Nixy Bezique was the *sine qua non* of love's dominion. The palace of the Mandarin of Chowchow had no beauties of her type. High Gun early felt the *ennui* of all that grand display of pomp and magnificence, and in spite of himself found his footsteps leading him to the oyster booth. Nixy received his appeals as a matter of course. She had been accustomed to them from her childhood, and had learned to expect admiration from all men. Her eyes remained fixed on the oyster-pearl she had found. At length, as if overcome with his importunity, she smiled wearily and, without changing her attitude, whispered: "I know that I hate oysters, and so I think I may learn to love you just a little." W. T. CALL.

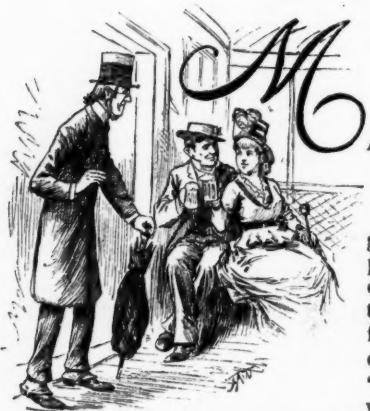
AN EXPLANATION.



MR. NOITALL (explaining).—You see, they build a fire underneath the floor of the engine, and when it gets hot enough, they put the boiler on and open the cylinder door, and that lets the steam get into the wheels, and away we go.

LADIES.—Oh, thank you! We often wondered how it was done.

THE AMATEUR PHILANTHROPIST.



His Ambition to be Noted for Unostentatious Acts of Charity.

MASTER AUGUSTUS STRIKE is the nephew of a wealthy and estimable lady, one of a number who devote themselves to charity and good works. His aunt used to employ him to assist her in her various charitable undertakings, and in this way the young man became familiar with the business methods of the different missions, asylums, "homes," and other enterprises which were supported by his aunt

and the other excellent women of her church.

"In my journeyings about the city," said young Strike to his aunt one day: "I often hear of individual cases of poverty which call for immediate relief, and it seems to me that some of your money might, from time to time, be applied to such cases with beneficent results."

"I am delighted," said the worthy lady: "to see that you enter into my plans for the amelioration of the condition of our fellow-creatures with so much zeal. I will gladly aid you in relieving cases of individual distress, but remember, Augustus, always to tell me the exact truth whenever you appeal to me. That is all I ask."

"You can rely upon me implicitly," said her nephew: "I will always tell you the absolute truth."

And he kept his word, as the sequel will show.

A few days later he called upon his aunt and said: "There is a young man who is so poor that I have been obliged to take him into my own room and permit him to share my meals. He is in urgent need of a new suit of clothes. Will you help him?"

"I will do it gladly," said his aunt, producing a ten-dollar bill: "and I am sure the other ladies of my church will contribute also."

The zealous young philanthropist soon collected enough money to purchase a nice blue-flannel suit, and have ten dollars left over as a lining for the left-hand vest-pocket.

"How nice you look to-day!" exclaimed his admiring aunt the next time he called on her.

"I suppose it is the consciousness of well-doing which makes me happy," he responded gravely: "I have come to tell you of a really deplorable case which came under my notice the other day. It is that of a young man who makes a living by picking up chips, and is at present without even the little capital needed in his business."

"But what capital does a man need to enable him to pick up chips?" demanded his aunt in astonishment.

"He picks them up in front of a bank, and the bank compels him to make a deposit before he can go to work there," explained the nephew.

He secured several bills of various denominations, and the same evening visited the bank and secured a nice stack of handsome ivory chips, with which he embarked in business on a green cloth, beneath a brilliant chandelier.

Another interesting case discovered by Master Strike was that of two young working-girls, who were pining for a breath of salt air and unable to afford the expense of a trip to the seaside.

His excellent aunt was only too glad to lend her assistance, and the next Sunday saw the young girls seated on the shady deck of the Coney Island steamer, in the company with Master Strike and another young man of engaging personal appearance. The waves dashed in foamy spray against the steamer's prow, the fresh wind brought a color to the girls' cheeks and a sparkle to their eyes, and an Italian band played "Climbing up the Golden Stairs."

The young working-girls enjoyed invigorating draughts of fresh sea air, and still more invigorating draughts of champagne. The pallor left their cheeks. Little Neck clams, soft-shell crabs and other delicacies left their plates, and after the check had been paid there was very little left of the Fresh Air Fund. The party returned to the city on the last boat, in a condition of merriment which made them the object of general solicitude on the part of the other passengers. Among those who regarded them with deep interest was Mr. Joshua Snaggles, lay superintendent of the Mission of the White Sepulchre.

Mr. Snaggles was really grieved at the levity displayed by the young people, and the familiarity with which they treated one another. It need not be supposed that because Master Strike had succeeded in diverting to his own use a large part of the funds which had once swelled the Mission treasury, he was regarded with anything like indifference by Mr. Snaggles. On the contrary, the worthy lay superintendent took a deep interest in the young man's welfare, and deplored the fact that he was guilty of such conduct.

The next day Mr. Snaggles presented himself before Master Strike's

aunt and informed her that he "considered it his duty" (people of the Snaggles' type have a monopoly of this phrase) to speak to her in regard to her nephew, a young man of many good qualities, who was, he feared, treading the downward path. The worthy lady was shocked when she learned what had occurred on the Coney Island boat. Fearing that her nephew had appropriated the funds entrusted to him for charity, she sent for him at once.

On being questioned he admitted his fault, but reminded her of the fact that he had always told her the literal and exact truth.

"But where did you get the idea of deceiving me in this manner?" demanded his aunt.

"From the charities which you used to support, and especially from Mr. Snaggles's Mission. After studying their methods for a while, I concluded to go into the business myself, and if it had not been for this unfortunate occurrence of last night, I might soon have been noted for my most ostentatious acts of charity."

NO MATTER how old a political candidate may become; no matter if he has rheumatics from one end of his anatomy to the other, he never loses that peculiar agility which enables him to dodge the Prohibition question as soon as put, in such a way that he does not hurt his chances either with the temperance crank or with the drunkard.

JOSEPH'S COAT was the first crazy-quilt mentioned in history, and it is worth mentioning that it got its owner in a peck of trouble before he got through with it.

THE PRESENT STYLE of ladies' high hats is supposed to have been designed by a minister, to discourage people from attending theatres.

TO THE professional base-ball-player this life is a batter-pudding. This is not funny; but it's English, you know.

IT IS now becoming a common thing for people out of employment to go to Cincinnati to teach hog-Latin.

IF you want to buy a thermometer, we advise you to wait until next winter. They will be lower then.

THE OFFICE-TOWEL.



OFTEN I think of the old printing-office towel. It was a beautiful towel to gaze upon when it was fresh and clean on Monday morning, for then it was a yard wide, and as sweet as a lily. But by Monday evening it had the devil's finger-marks on it, and they were more plainly impressed than any foot-steps that were ever made on the sands of Time.

On Monday it was fit to wipe your face on for fifteen minutes after being put up.

On Tuesday it was a hand-towel—that is, it would clean a printer's hands, and soil any one else's.

On Wednesday it would put a patent-leather shine on a pair of brown-leather shoes. And then it got thin, too, and it kept getting thinner, until it almost looked like a shoestring.

One day a compositor with D. T. took it for a black snake, and rushing for the stairway, fell all the way down over the devil who was coming up with an armful of pie wrapped in brown paper, and a pail of beer hanging on each finger.

By Friday the towel was so black that you could run it over a galley and pull a proof.

On Saturday it was wrung out into the ink-bottle, and then used in the press-room for belting.

On Saturday afternoon a compositor had a headache, and tied it around his head. Oxalic acid would not take the black off, and he had to dye his red hair black to escape ridicule.

Then a farmer bought it and took it home. He said some time after that he had used it as a fertilizer, and had a splendid crop of flax and hickory shirts.

R. K. M.

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mend for the treatment of obesity the drinking
of sea-water, combined with a residence at the
seaside. We should think a few swallows of sea-
water would go right to the spot, and reduce
the patient's weight about thirty pounds in a
very brief length of period. It might also satu-
rate him with a yearning for death, but he
should remember that desperate diseases require
heroic treatment.—*Norristown Herald.*

You know, when we were boys and girls,
there used to be spiritual mediums? Well,
there are none now. They are all "psycho-
metrists and clairvoyant delineators." But they
still use the same fearful and wonderful gram-
mar, and spell separate with two p's and three
e's as of yore.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

ONE dozen trusted Philadelphians got away
with \$3,000,000 belonging to other people with-
in the last five years, not counting the sums
stolen by common thieves and vulgar burglars
who did not come over with Penn.—*Omaha
World.*

If the Lord High Executioner were to visit
the Concord School of Philosophy, about the
first question he would ask, would be whether
they were "under treatment for it."—*Norris-
town Herald.*

PROF. DOREMUS ON TOILET SOAPS:

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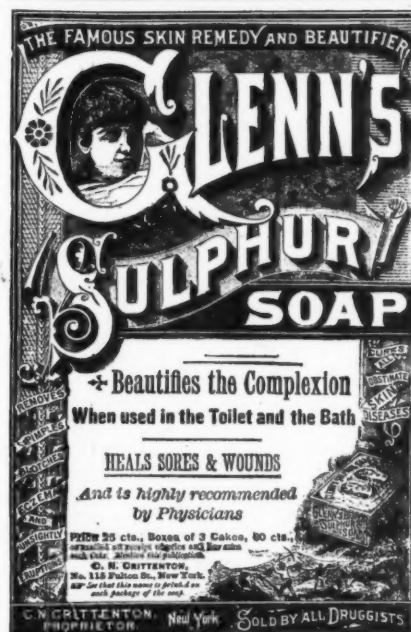
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MRS. MINKS.—Why, certainly, the neck isn't half so low as Mrs. Dash's.

I think you better wear your old dress and keep that one for the musicale next Thursday.

The musicale! Where?

At the blind asylum.—*Omaha Daily World.*

LAWYER.—Do you know the witness that has just stepped down, Mr. Robinson?

WITNESS.—Yes, sir.

LAWYER.—Do you think he would ever tell an untruth?

WITNESS.—Tell an untruth! Why, that man would swear to a New York paper's circulation affidavit.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle.*

A WOMAN writer thinks that her sex will soon be taking up more space in the world. It is hoped not. About twenty-five years ago women took up so much space that three of them filled one side of a street-car. Since discarding hoops they occupy less space, without being any less useful and ornamental.—*Norristown Herald.*

"PHILADELPHIA has no electric lights," says an exchange. Well, what of it? The citizens don't need them. Philadelphia goes to roost at sunset.—*New Haven News.*



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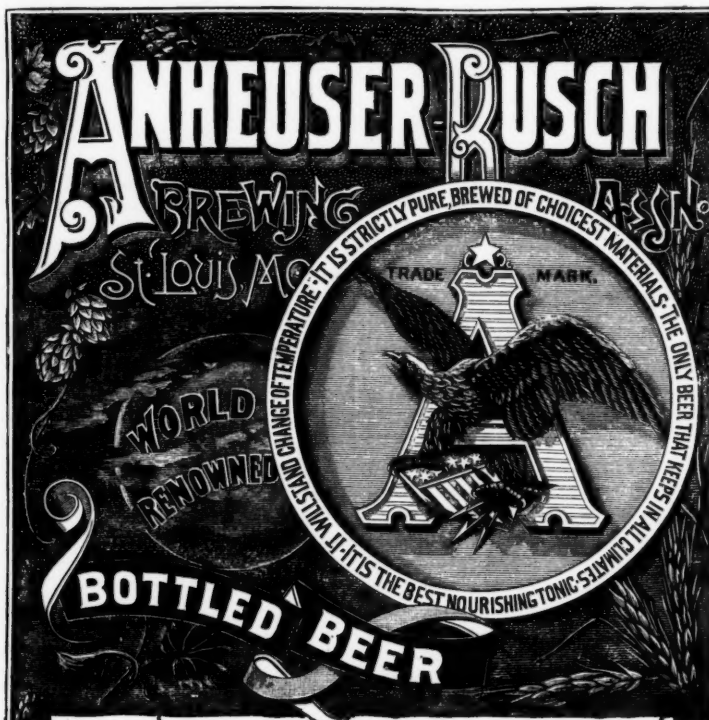
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One, two,
Come, buckle my shoe!
Some gentler phrase the times would suit,
As "Button, if you please, my boot."

Three, four,
Shut the door!
Of rude imperatives beware;
Please to close the portiere.

Five, six,
Pick up sticks!
Next gather wood, since we desire
Fuel to light the winter fire.

Seven, eight,
Lay them straight!
The load arborescent, oak and pine,
Now place in geometric line.

Nine, ten,
A good fat hen!
Our gallinaceous fowl will prove
Such biped plump as gourmands love.

Eleven, twelve,
Dig and delve!
To Mother Earth devote your spade;
Here Health and Wealth their keystone laid.

Thirteen, fourteen,
Boys were courting!
On matrimonial quest intent,
The village lads a-wooing went.

Fifteen, sixteen,
Girls are fixing!
Behind the lattice maidens fair
Their daintiest toilets now prepare.

Seventeen, eighteen,
Boys are waiting!
Without the door, on either hand,
The restless youth impatient stand.

Nineteen, twenty,
Girls are plenty!
The census tells its story sad:
Not every lass can have a lad.
—Sophie E. Eastman, in N. Y. Independent.

WHEN the stock of a Lake Superior iron mine lately jumped seventy-five per cent., owing to the strike of a rich vein, a Marquette minister sharply criticised some of the holders, claiming that it was a speculation in which Satan had a hand. "That's all bosh," replied one of the victims: "we got a geologist here at \$50 a day, and he run the vein until we tapped it; the devil, about which you preachers blow so much, couldn't have located that vein to save his blamed neck, and I kick on his receiving any credit!"—Wall Street News.

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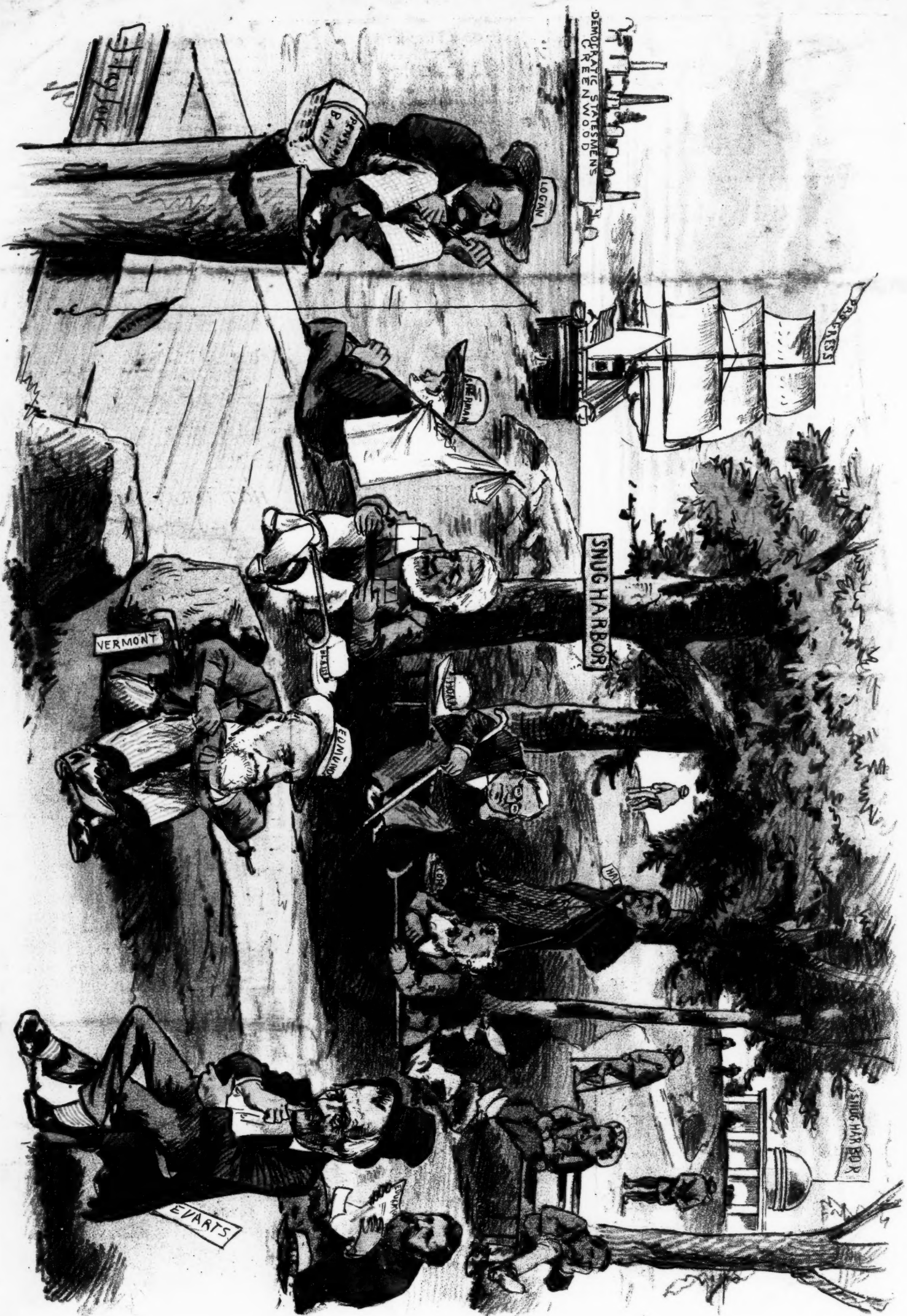
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